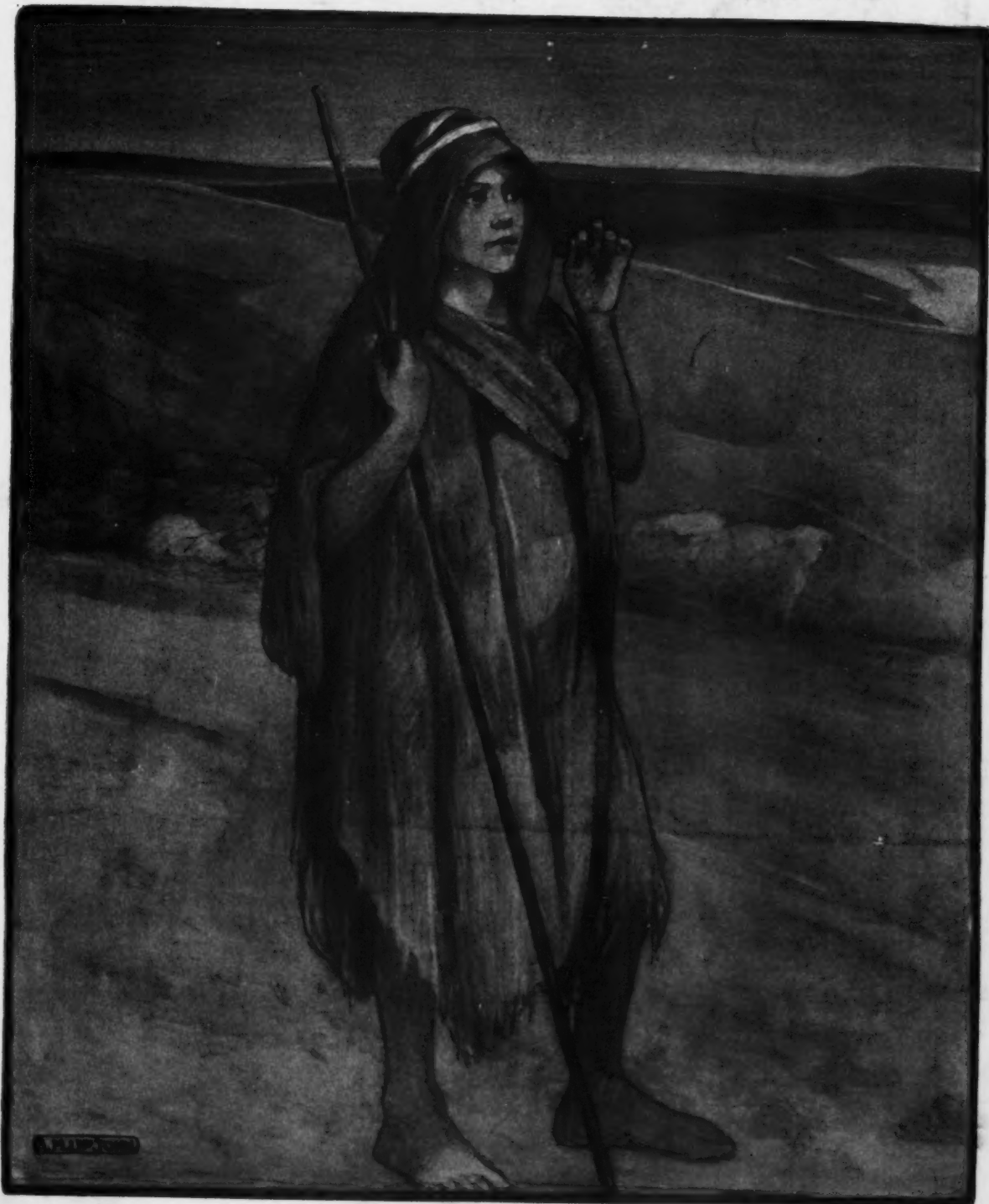


*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*December 1927* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





—Woodcut by Gertrude Brausewetter, of the Clack Art Class, Vienna

## Christmas Carol

Phillips Brooks

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young.  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!  
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,  
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight  
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,  
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;  
And to every blind wanderer open the door  
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
With sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the Holiest trod.  
This, then, is the marvel of mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God.



# The Three Christmas Wishes \*

Elsa Beskow

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

## CHARACTERS:

SANTA CLAUS  
SAINT LUCIA  
MOTHER BRITA

ERIK }  
KAJSA } her children

SCENE: A path in the wood

SANTA CLAUS (*entering*): Now Christmas is coming around again and I shall have to begin the usual running with presents to everyone's house! I don't know what is the matter with me, for I don't feel as happy about it as I used to. Perhaps I am getting old. Oh, there comes Lucia; she is always the same. How do you do, Lucia!

LUCIA (*entering*): How do you do, Santa Claus. It is good to meet you again!

SANTA CLAUS: We always meet at this time of the year.

LUCIA: What pleasant work we both have!

SANTA CLAUS: Well, I don't know about that.

LUCIA: What do you mean? Is there anything better than making people happy? And when it makes them happy just because I come with a tray and some candles, how much happier must they be when you come with heaps of presents!

SANTA CLAUS: I don't know what is the matter, Lucia. Either I am changed, or people have grown quite different these last years.

LUCIA: What do you mean?

SANTA CLAUS: It seems as if people only want to get. And the more they get the more they wish for.

LUCIA: Now you are very unjust, I am sure! People like to give just as much as to get.

SANTA CLAUS: I wish you were right, Lucia, because then my work would be easier. It is not very agreeable to carry heaps of presents to a home

that already has more than enough, and to know that there are other homes which will get almost none.

LUCIA: Yes, I understand. It must be terribly hard. But think of all the joy you bring in those poor houses even with the tiniest presents! Surely it is not the size of the present that matters, but the kind thoughts that they are the sign of?

SANTA CLAUS: Of course you are right, Lucia. But that is just the trouble. It is the kind thoughts that fail. People think only of themselves.

LUCIA: Oh, surely you are not right!

SANTA CLAUS: I would be glad if I were not, Lucia, but my eyes see more than yours, I am afraid.

LUCIA: No, you are wrong. I wish I could show you how wrong you are!

SANTA CLAUS: Shall we make a wager?

LUCIA: How do you mean?

SANTA CLAUS: I will sit on this stone by the path and you hide behind that tree. People will pass by soon and we will test them.

LUCIA: Well, what will the winner get?

SANTA CLAUS: You will have to give me one of your beautiful candles, Lucia, if you lose.

LUCIA: And what will you give me if I win?

SANTA CLAUS: I have a little heart made of rock crystal. I got it four hundred years ago from a little princess, and it is my dearest treasure. She was the only one to whom it occurred that Santa Claus ought to have a Christmas present too, and she gave me her dearest ornament. If you win, I will give it to you.

LUCIA: Oh no, you must keep that, dear Santa Claus. I will just borrow and carry it every Saint Lucia's day, when I go about with my tray.

(Continued on page 74)

\*Reprinted from the Swedish Junior Red Cross Magazine.

Junior Red Cross News is published monthly, exclusive of June, July and August, in Washington, D. C. Volume 9, December, 1927. Number 4. 50 cents a year; 10 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921.

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# The Flight From Egypt. A Legend by Selma Lagerlöf



MANY years ago, far, far away, in the deserts of the East, there grew a palm. It was very old and extremely tall. All the travelers passing through the desert stopped there and admired it, for it was much higher than other palm trees; it was said that it had grown taller than obelisks and pyramids.

Standing there quite isolated and looking around, the palm suddenly noticed something that made its large leaf-crown shiver all over: far off in the direction of the desert it saw two human figures moving. At that distance a camel even would have seemed no larger than an ant, but these were surely human creatures. There were two of them, both unknown (the palm knew well all the regular travelers of the desert), a man and a woman, without a guide, without any cattle, without water-bags. There could be no doubt, these two were coming here to die.

"Strange," said the palm, "nowhere around is there any lion who would devour them. Not a single wild beast of the deserts is to be seen, but they will not be long in coming. Many tortures are awaiting these people: they may be attacked by lions, stung by snakes, suffer horribly of thirst, meet their death buried under the sands, be killed by robbers, die with fright."

The palm wanted to think of something else, but, so far as the eye could reach there was nothing in the whole desert that it did not know, that it had not been watching for thousands of years. And its thoughts again turned to the travelers.

"I swear by heat and wind," it said, remembering the two worst enemies of man in the desert, "she seems to be holding something in her arms! It seems to me, these madmen are carrying a baby with them!"

The palm, which like all old persons was farsighted, was not mistaken. The woman had a child closely pressed to her shoulder.

"The child is not sufficiently clothed," said the palm. "The woman is wrapping it up in her skirt. One can see she has taken the baby out of its cradle in a hurry and has fled with it. These people are fugitives."

"Still, unless they are defended by an angel, it would have been better for them to give themselves up to be tortured by their enemies than to escape

into the desert. I imagine how it happened: the husband was working, the child sleeping in the cradle, the mother gone to fetch water. She had hardly gone out of the door when she saw the assailants. She rushed back, seized the child from the cradle, called her husband, and they fled. Now they have already been several days in the desert. They have not rested at all. . . . They are so frightened that they do not feel either fatigue or pain, but I see their eyes burn with thirst. Oh, I know well the face of a thirsty man!"

A shiver ran through the palm's long members at this thought. The oblong leaves curled up as if they were near a fire.

"Were I a man, I should never venture out into the desert. Bold is the one who, unprovided with roots reaching hidden sources of water, takes himself into the desert. Could I do so, I would ask them to go back. They think, perhaps, that living in the desert is an easy thing. But I know that even I have been close to death more than once. I remember being nearly choked one day in my youth, when a mountain of sand enveloped me all round."

The palm continued to think aloud as all old people are wont to do: "I hear an extraordinarily sweet rustle in my crown, as if every leaflet was moving. Why am I in such agitation at the sight of these travelers? This sad woman is so beautiful! She reminds me of the most wonderful incident in my life."

And with leaves rustling softly, the palm remembered how, very long ago, two persons of distinction had visited the desert. It was the queen of Sheba and the wise king Solomon. The queen was then returning to her own country, the king had accompanied her part of the way, and now they were to part.

"In memory of this occasion," said the queen, "I plant in the earth a date-stone with the wish that a palm may grow out of it and live until a king wiser than Solomon is born in Judea."

Saying this, she dug the date-stone into the earth and watered it with her tears.

"Why do I think of this today?" said the palm. "Maybe because this beautiful woman reminds me of the most beautiful of all queens—the one, upon whose word I live and grow? I hear my leaves rustle always more, and their rustle is sad as a funeral song. They seem to feel that someone is going to die

shortly. It is pleasant to feel I am not the one they are sorry for, because I cannot die."

By this time the travelers had noticed the palm tree and the oasis and were hastening to slake their thirst there. But, arriving at the oasis, they grew sad: the spring was dried up.

The woman, suffocating with fatigue, laid the child on the ground and sat down near the spring sobbing. The man sank down by her side; he lay digging the earth with his nails.

The palm heard them talk of how king Herod had ordered all infants from one to three months old to be killed, because he feared the birth of the promised king of Judea.

"The rustle of my leaves grows always stronger. The unfortunate travelers are approaching their last hour." The palm-tree understood they were afraid of the desert. The man said it would have been better for them to remain with the soldiers than to flee. He said death would have been easier there.

"God will help us," said the woman.

"We are all alone among wild beasts and serpents," answered the husband. "We have neither water nor food. How can God help us?"

He tore his clothes in his despair and bent his face down to the ground. He had lost his last hope, like one wounded in the heart.

The woman sat straight with her arms around her knees. But the look fixed far into the desert showed clearly her endless misery.

The palm tree heard the rustle of its leaves grow always louder and louder.

The woman perhaps also heard it, for she turned her eyes upward. A cry came out of her breast: "Dates, dates!"

There was so much pain in this cry, that the palm regretted not being small as the thorn-bush so that its dates might be gathered easily.

The man had already noticed the unattainable height where the dates grew. Now he did not even lift his head as he begged the woman not to wish for the impossible.

But the child who was crawling around, playing, heard his mother's cry.

Coming near the palm and stroking it with his little hand he said in a sweet voice: "Bend down, palm, bend down!"

But what was that, what was that? The palm's leaves rustled, curled up, the top of the tree bent down as if curved by the wind, the tall trunk bowed. . . . The palm felt that the infant was more powerful than itself, felt unable to resist him. And it stooped down to the little one, as men incline themselves before a king, always lower and lower, in a big curve, until its crown touched the sand of the desert.

The child did not seem either astonished or frightened. He ran up to it with gay cries and began to pick bunches of dates.

Having gathered enough and noticing that the palm still remained lying close to the ground, he came up to it, caressed it and said softly: "Stand up, palm, stand up!"

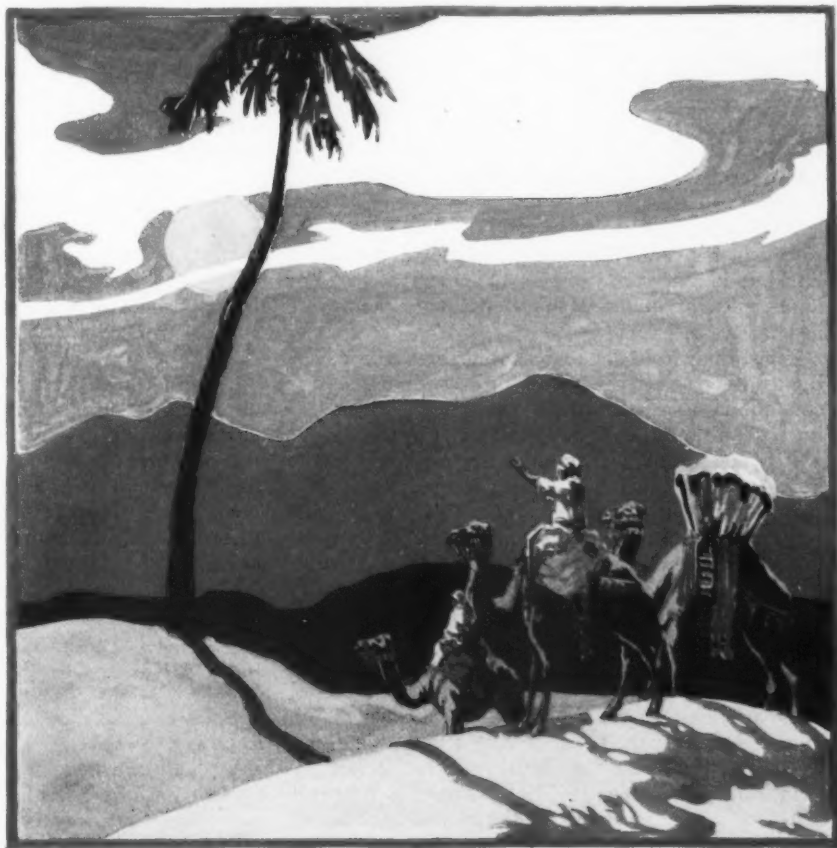
And little by little the great tree straightened itself proudly, while its leaves rustled like a harp.

The travelers meanwhile knelt down and glorified God: "You have heard our cry of distress and have listened to it, bending the palm like a reed with your might. What enemy can we fear if we are under your care?"

Another time, a caravan passing through the desert saw that the top of the great palm was faded.

"How could that happen?" said one. "It could not die before seeing a king wiser than Solomon."

"Perhaps it has seen him," answered another.



*The travelers had noticed the palm tree and the oasis and were hastening to slake their thirst there*



*The smoke from a fire built near the sick boy's home guides the "big fairy bird" to a safe landing place*

## "The Big Fairy Bird" of the North

Sten Asbrink

IN THE very north of Europe, where the Arctic Circle crosses the Scandinavian peninsula, lives a population inured to hardships, clearing the woods and cultivating new ground in a perpetual struggle with nature.

There is only one railway through these vast regions and that goes from Luleå to Narvik in Norway. On this line the iron ore from the big mines in Lapland is taken to the ports to be shipped all over the globe. Many people are several days' journey from the railway, through the big woods, and in winter, when the snow drifts in the roads, they may be shut out from the rest of the world for months at a time.

So long as their health is good this does not matter so much, for these people are used to their isolated life; but if illness comes to those small cottages or if an accident happens the victim may die before help arrives.

The Swedish Red Cross has come to the rescue by creating small cottage-hospitals where the sick can obtain first aid, and it takes the seriously ill by airplane to a larger hospital.

If you happen to live in a big city, where the hospital may be across the street or where the doctor may live within five minutes' call, can you imagine what a dreadful feeling may come to a man up there in the wilderness, confined to his bed, with the doctor so far away that no help can be expected from him? Think of this, and you will understand what a blessing this modern invention of the airplane is to the people in the far North.

If you will follow me I will show you how the Red Cross carries out this work. The only aerodrome in the North with hangars and a good landing-place is in the fortress of Boden, where the railway from southern Sweden divides in branches that run to Narvik, Haparanda, on the Finnish frontier, and Luleå. Outside the fortress the airplane must come down on water, so the wheels of the machine have been replaced by floats, which in winter, when the

*The leader of the Swedish Red Cross Aerial Ambulance Service tells how lives are saved in Lapland by airplane*

lakes are covered with ice and snow, are replaced by skis.

The pilot here has not such an easy task as on the big aerial lines in the United States, where lighthouses show the way between the big aerodromes. Here, when the airplane has left the Boden station behind, the pilot can rely only on himself. Compass and map are his only aids, and when, as often happens, the weather is foggy, it may be very difficult to find the way. In winter the sun appears for but a few hours a day and the rest of the time there is only the moon shining on the white snow to give light. In summer when there is daylight day and night, the need for lighthouses is not so great, but the pilot must have a good sense of direction, for all the mountains, woods and rivers are puzzlingly alike.

If the pilot goes far away in the northwest he leaves behind him the tree-line, and here he is apt to be surprised by violent hurricanes, which may easily prove fatal.

Imagine, however, that we arrive at Boden on a clear and glittering winter day. It seems bitterly cold, though it is only four degrees below zero, and it is of course often much colder. Last year the pilot had to fly two hours in a temperature of 50 degrees below zero. His face froze so that he had to stay in bed a week afterwards, but the patient's life was saved.

We hurry to the aerodrome. The ambulance airplane stands in the hangar, ready to be drawn out. A message has just come from Jokkmokk, 100 miles from Boden, that a small Lapp boy is very ill with appendicitis and the only way to save his life is to get him to Boden as quickly as possible. The order is promptly given to make the airplane ready. The tanks are filled with petrol, the radiator with water, and the mechanics examine the engine to make sure that everything is in order.

The huge doors slide back, a little snow is put under the skis of the plane to make it slide more easily, and in a minute this huge ambulance is out



on the starting place. A stretcher for carrying the patient is put in place and the pilot climbs in. Today I will go along as mechanic and as a very special privilege I will take you with me. We must wear thick padded fur coats, fur hoods and big woolen scarves, and we must cover our faces with grease to stand a speed of 100 miles an hour in this cold.

All is ready, the engine starts, and the soldiers who have been holding the wings are motioned to stand aside. We rush past them and the next moment we see the ground sink under us.

The fortress of Boden with all its barracks is soon left behind. Before us is a long, white, winding ribbon, surrounded by steep mountains. This is Luleälv, the river of Sweden down which flows the greatest volume of water. Here and there are big black holes in the ice, where the stream is so swift that the water cannot freeze. It might be rather disagreeable if we should happen to land in one of these holes!

We pass over a group of small grey and red houses, which at this height look like toys. We cannot see any people, but they have long since heard the noise of our engine. "Now there is somebody dangerously ill again," they say, "we wonder where he will fly to-day." And they telephone to Boden to tell that the plane has passed.

At Boden a man in the aviation office receives the report from all the telephone stations we pass on our way. If we should have engine trouble and be obliged to land on rough ground, miles away from any people, this would soon be known in Boden, as no report would come from the next telephone station. Then a troop of fast ski-runners would surely come to our help.

What are those white puffs which rise from the river down there? It is a cataract where the spray, cooled by the air, is condensed into clouds. Otherwise our eyes meet nothing but snow. Now and then we see small grey houses half buried in the snow, but they are few and far between. One sees a narrow winding track in the snow—that is the highway where one cannot make one's way with a car during winter, but must go in a sledge with horses.

In the distance we see a group of houses and in the midst the white steeple of a church, the first we have seen, though we have been going for an hour at full speed. You can imagine the time it takes the people up here to get to church in their small horse sledges!

This is the village church of Jokkmokk—our destination. But the pilot does not stop; he has spied out the black smoke of a fire burning by a lake, some four miles farther on. When the aerial



*All aboard for the hospital! The stretcher is put into the big fairy bird*

ambulance was ordered from Boden, instructions were given by telephone that a fire should be lighted at a certain hour near the residence of the sick boy, at a place suitable for landing.

The engine stops and an instant later the skis of the airplane cut deep tracks in the loose snow that covers the ice. Some old Lapp women stand by the fire feeding it with pieces of wood. Their brown, wrinkled faces glow with astonishment at the sight of the plane, apparently the first one they have ever seen. By the shore is the herd of reindeer guarded by barking dogs. A Lapp comes skiing over the ice leading a reindeer-drawn sledge in which lies his little boy.

We quickly step down with the stretcher; the boy is placed on it, a huge bear skin is wrapped round him and he is put in the ambulance. We hurry back to our places, wave farewell and are off again. It is not so easy to rise from the deep snow, but we have lots of room on the big lake and we soon find ourselves rising towards the pale blue winter sky. Far away a chain of dazzling white, sunlit mountains may be seen on the sky-line. Those are the Kvikkjokk mountains on the Norwegian frontier, but we have no time to admire them more closely, for now the pilot turns to the south, back to Boden, where our passenger is to receive care.

We land, glide into the hangar, the motor stops; it has finished its task for this time. Now another motor starts. It is in the ambulance car, which has been wait-

ing for the passenger, and in a moment he has been transferred to the car, which takes him straight to the hospital. Without the aerial ambulance he would have died far away in the wilderness.



*The airplane lands near a herd of reindeer; and a reindeer-drawn sledge brings the sick boy to the plane*

This picture by H. Zuckermann is one of a collection of Christmas pictures painted by the pupils of Professor Cizek's art class in Vienna



It shows three peasant boys on Christmas Eve dressed up as the Three Kings, Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar, going from house to house singing carols

THE Junior Magazine of Yugoslavia tells about a nice custom of Serbia. There the next to the last Sunday before Christmas is Mothers' Day and belongs especially to the children and their fathers and mothers and friends. The sky may be dull,

overhung with dark clouds, but in the house it is warm and bright. There is a smell of apples and other good things. Everyone is dressed in the national costume. Several days before, preparations have been made, though everyone has pretended not to remember the day that is approaching. When it comes the children wait impatiently for their opportunity. At last their mother sits at a table and begins reading. Then, creeping stealthily, one of the children crawls under the table and begins to tie a string about her. The others watch, but she is so busy reading that she does not notice. When she is tied fast, the children all burst out laughing and she tries to get up and stumbles and exclaims, "Oh, what is the matter? I can't move!"

The children all shout, "Mother's Day! Mother's Day! What will you give us to get away?" And then the mother brings out her gifts and distributes them.

The next week there is Fathers' Day, which is much like Mothers' Day, only father's gifts are more practical, such as pens, pencils, knives, shoes and sometimes even money.

Everyone in Serbia loves this holiday and they say there that whatever other old customs are given up, this one at least will last as long as there are mothers and fathers and children.

A letter in a portfolio from Belgrade tells about

## Old-Country Customs

### How Christmas Is Celebrated Over-Seas

other Christmas customs of Jugoslavia:

"On Christmas we strew straw all over the house and bring in a big log from the woods which burns all night. This is called the 'Badniak.' Our parents present us with many nice things, but we

don't have a Christmas tree.

"On Christmas Day, early in the morning a 'Polazainik'—usually the first person who calls—comes to the house. We strew him with straw and he pokes the fire where the Badniak is burning, and wishes much luck for our home.

"On Christmas we don't say 'Good morning' or 'How are you?' but 'Hristos se rodi,' which means, 'Christ is born.'"

#### *The Straw Under the Tablecloth in Poland*

The Public School at Cerekiew, Poland, wrote the Grammar School at Los Gatos, California, about the Christmas celebration in the district of Bochnia:

"Four weeks before Christmas we have a service in our church, called 'Roraty,' every day at six o'clock in the morning. In the course of these four weeks, the sacristan goes from house to house, bringing wafers. At the same time he expresses his best wishes to all the inhabitants who offer him such gifts as they can afford. We children rejoice then greatly, and seeing this, the sacristan offers to each of us also a wafer.

"On Christmas Eve we do not eat anything till the evening, and our dear mother prepares a nice Christmas-eve dinner, which consists of several dishes without meat and without even butter and milk.



When we see the first star in the sky we run to our mother to announce it to her. Then she puts a little hay upon the table, in memory that Our Lord was born in the stable, and covers it with a white cloth; then she brings all the dishes and on the first place there stands a plate with the wafer. Our father calls everybody to come. We all kneel down before our holy pictures and say a short prayer, after which our father shares the wafer with mother and then with each of us. We all sit down at our table and enjoy very nice dishes which we like very much. After this we sing Christmas carols and at half past eleven at night we go to church where we have a special service called 'Pasterka.' We like to go to this service as the church is illuminated brightly, the altars are adorned with flowers, and our village orchestra plays Christmas carols very nicely. During Christmas, many children go from house to house singing all kinds of carols and our mothers offer them sweets and white bread."

#### *Bethlehem Singers of Hungary*

Sandor Solymosy describes in the Hungarian Junior Red Cross magazine a custom of Hungary. He says:

"One of the most ancient Christmas customs of the great Hungarian plain is that of carol singing on Christmas Eve. Five or six boys practise the old songs, and make costumes and a 'Bethlehem' for themselves. This latter is of cardboard in the shape of a church or a manger, with the Holy Family and the animals inside. On Christmas Eve the boys start on their tour of the village.

"The children look forward to their coming, and greet them with shouts of joy. 'The "Bethlehem singers" have come,' they cry.

"Then a knock is heard on the door and somebody asks in a disguised voice, 'May I come in with the "Bethlehem"?' and in walks a hussar. He salutes the master of the house and says, 'Blessed be this house and its people and its animals. Christmas, the birthday of the Christ Child, has come.'

"He then returns to the door and beckons to his comrades. Two clad as angels enter first, carrying the 'Bethlehem,' which they place on the table. Then they ring a bell and light the candle in the manger. The bell rings again and the members of the household kneel while the three singers begin an old carol, 'An Angel Came from Heaven.'

"Before the song is quite finished, they hear a stamping of feet at the door. The hussar asks, 'Is it you, shepherds?' and the shepherds file in. They have mustaches and long beards and wear long sheepskin cloaks. Their chief leans on his staff, as they tell their tale of how they have come from afar where it is very cold, and of all the things that have happened to them. Then they get sleepy, yawn, and finally lie down on the floor. Soon they are apparently sound asleep and snoring.

"Then the bell is rung again and the angels rouse the sleepers. 'Shepherds, awake, and hear the joyous news, the Son of God is born!' One of the shep-

herds jumps up and wakes the others. They decide to go to Bethlehem to see this thing which has come to pass and to find the baby Jesus. They stalk three times around the table, singing a song as they go, and finally they kneel in front of the 'Bethlehem,' one after the other offering their humble gifts, a lamb, a pot of milk or a small wood carving. After another song they rise and take leave of the household, the hussar announcing that they will not refuse to accept a small gift themselves. Then, singing, they go out to visit the next house."

#### *The Carol Singers of Bulgaria*

In a letter from a school in Pleven comes this account of Christmas in Bulgaria:

"Our greatest feast of the year is Christmas. It is accompanied by many customs and ceremonies. Christmas, or rather Christmas Eve, starts with the chief rite, the burning of the Christmas log. A trunk of a tree from the woods burns on the fireplace all the night long. It is called the 'ever-burning log.' Also the night before Christmas is the 'ever-watching night,' for people do not sleep during the entire night; they watch. Our merriest custom on Christmas is the singing of carols. It is especially gay in the villages. The young men, the carol singers, practise for several days before the great day. They make a pretty picture with their national costumes and colored 'Christmas sticks.' Christmas morning, about sunrise, groups of boys and young men thus prepared, visit the homes singing Christmas carols to national melodies. The housekeepers give them walnuts and chestnuts and dried prunes and pears, as well as money and ring-shaped rolls which they string on their sticks. These gifts help to make a 'carol singers' dinner."

#### *St. Nicholas Day in Belgium*

"To fulfill the wish you have expressed, we write you how we spend Christmas Eve," write the pupils of a school in Liège, Belgium, to their colleagues in the Luverne School, Luverne, Minnesota:

"A dinner party is given by a family. Relatives and friends are invited. In the evening pancakes are made and after they have been eaten we sing old Christmas carols and dance about the room. At midnight there is a mass, attended by the Catholics. When it is nearly twelve o'clock we keep still. And here is the reason: Just at midnight guns are fired and we like to hear them. We have no presents, no Christmas trees.

"But our principal feast is Santa Claus' Day, on the sixth of December. Our little children think Santa Claus is a very old man with a long white beard, sitting on a little donkey. In the evening of the fifth of December they set a dish with some bread, vegetables or corn in it, on the table. It is a present for the donkey of Santa Claus. In the night the old man comes, takes the food for his donkey and replaces it by chocolates, sweets, books, toys and so on. You can imagine what a joy it is for the children when in the morning they find all these fine things."

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1927, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

VOL. 9

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 4

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*I will honor Christmas in my heart,  
and try to keep it all the year*

—Charles Dickens

## "THAT BLOOD RED SYMBOL—"

ONE of the big events of the Annual Convention was the speech made at the last session by Dr. Thomas E. Green, Director of the Speaking Service of the Red Cross. At the end he said:

"Men and women of the American Red Cross, before you know it these boys and girls who came here today and for the first time in a Red Cross National Convention let their voices be heard as they demanded the right to have a part in anything that makes for the advancement and the peace of the world are going to take control.

"That is why I wanted to say these closing words of this Convention to you boys and girls. I want you to go away from this gathering with a mark, a mark unextinguishable, a mark you cannot erase, a mark not burned but blended into every thought and every activity of your lives.

"Did I ever tell you when I came to your high school where the robin got his red breast? It was told me away down in the Austrian Tyrol one day. I was out on a hike from Innsbruck and I had with me an old Austrian guide. We climbed the long slope of a hill in search of eidelweiss and when noon-time came we sat down under the wide-spreading branches of a pine tree to eat our cheese and crackers and curded milk. When we had finished old Hans threw the crumbs out on the grass under the trees, and in no time two or three robins came down and gathered up the crumbs. Then Hans said, 'Did you ever know where the robin got his red breast, sir?' 'I said, 'No, Hans. Tell me.'

"He said, 'It is just a little legend, a little tradition that the peasants have here in the Tyrol. It goes like this:

"'Away back, years and years ago, the robin was just a little brown bird like any thrush or songster of the hedge, with nothing to mark him in particular. But in the flight of the years there came a day, the greatest day in all of human history; a day when in the early morning through the gates of a city, out toward a green hill beyond the walls there came a surging multitude of people and in their midst one clad in a white seamless robe, with a purple scarf around his neck, and on his head a crown of cruel thorns, and on his shoulder the burden of a great wooden cross. Twice he fell, and fainted by the way, and then a strong man from beside the road picked up the cross and dragged it on, until they came to the hill top. They took away the purple scarf and the seamless robe and on the cross they nailed him hand and foot and lifted it up and there between the earth and sky Jesus of Nazareth was hung up to die.

"'All nature seemed to hold its breath in fear. After noonday had swept across the arching sky, weird shadows of darkness began to fall. Over everything there came a hush that stilled men's hearts. Deeper and deeper fell the darkness. The birds and the beasts began to creep to their dens in the sides of the hills and to their nests in the trees. The eagle soaring in the upper blue came sweeping down, gave one quick glance at the pallid face on the cross, and hid his head. The dove, speeding home on heavy wings, gave one look at the silent face and cried "Oo, Oo, Oo," as if her heart were broken. The peasants say that is what the dove has been saying ever since.

"'And then the robin came, gave one glance at the tragedy before his eyes and flew straight to the top of the cross. Perching there, he bent his head, and with his stout little beak tried to pull the cruel thorns from the tortured brow. And then the rocks were rent, lightning crashed, thunder rolled, graves were opened. At last, the light came stealing back, and showed the figure hanging on the cross, quiet and still. And down at the foot the little robin was fluttering where he had fallen and they looked and saw that his breast was all stained red with the blood drops from the Savior's brow, and God looked down and said 'Because the robin tried to do an unselfish thing for someone else, it shall wear through all the ages to come as a badge of honor its breast of red.'

"That is what I want you to wear, boys and girls of the Junior Red Cross, that blood red symbol of unselfishness, of sacrifice, of devotion, that symbol of doing something for somebody else."

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,  
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.  
"One of us here would not be felt,  
One of us here would quickly melt,  
But I'll help you and you'll help me,  
And then what a splendid drift 'twill be."

—Saskatchewan Junior Red Cross News



*The Junior delegates went on a sight-seeing trip to Mount Vernon, Arlington and the Lincoln Memorial*

## Juniors Attend the National Convention

**O**CTOBER 3 began a new chapter in Junior Red Cross history. That day delegates from all over the country gathered in Washington for the big annual convention of the American Red Cross, and, for the first time, the Junior Red Cross had special representatives of its own.

There were forty-four Junior delegates in all, chosen as representatives from high schools in eighteen different states, the District of Columbia and Porto Rico. One of them came all the way from Los Angeles. Pascual Rivera, who at home in Porto Rico has taken an active part in Junior work, is now a student at Western High School in Washington. The youngest and smallest delegate was Alwin Cocking, representing Cass County, North Dakota. He is a freshman in the high school at Mapleton and he did not seem to mind a bit being called on to get up and speak before a large room full of people.

The delegates went to some of the big Red Cross meetings and heard the President of the United States, Mr. Hoover and other important speakers. They attended a special luncheon and took part in a beautiful pageant, the "Vision Splendid," showing scenes from the ten years' story of the American Junior Red Cross. They had two round tables of their own at which two hundred or more older people listened with the greatest interest to the delegates' reports of what their schools have been doing and their discussions as to how to organize a council, how to start international school correspondence, and how high school juniors might cooperate with local Red Cross

chapters. At the second round table the delegates elected Alma Gage, from the Kiser High School at Dayton, Ohio, as Chairman. She is third from the left on the front row in the picture above.

One day, the Juniors went to Mount Vernon and Arlington. At Mount Vernon the tomb of Washington was opened and Juan Denny laid a wreath on the sarcophagus. He wore his full Navaho costume, a rich purple velvet blouse, with a wonderful belt of hand-wrought silver, fringed deer skin trousers and moccasins. He wore, too, several beautiful bracelets of silver set with big turquoises. He started home with all of them, though some of the girls made it hard for him to keep them! After he had laid the wreath, Juan stood for a time at the door of the tomb, very quiet. I think he felt that this was a great moment in his life.

You remember that last Armistice Day a wreath, sent by Juniors of Fremont School, Long Beach, California, was laid on the grave of the Unknown Soldier by Juniors of Washington. So on this occasion the delegate from Los Angeles was chosen to represent his state in placing another wreath on the white marble tomb overlooking the Potomac and the capital of the United States.

When the Convention ended on October 6, a resolution was received with a great deal of applause. It recommended that because of the enthusiasm and the fine spirit shown in this year's meeting, delegates from Junior groups in high schools should be invited to come to the National Convention again next year.



*Juan Denny,  
Navaho delegate*



# Danilo's Wealth

Anna Milo Upjohn

DANILO crawled to the mouth of the cave and stretched himself in the sun.

He was shivering from chill. Later the fever would come upon him. Then he would creep back into the cool depth of the cave and curl up on the pile of dried leaves in the corner. But now he lay huddled on a flat stone in front of the cave where the hot autumn sun beat down on him. Below at the bottom of the gorge the river swirled around jagged rocks, bright green edged with silver. Danilo could hear the tinkle of a bell and knew that Jokitza must be in the hazel bushes above the cave. It seemed to him the one friendly thing in a very lonely world. Since his mother had died he had gone on living in the cave where he and she had taken refuge after his father had been killed.

The cave was large and dry and Danilo had grown fond of it. He and his mother had built a stone wall across the front to keep the draught from the floor, leaving only door space, and had made a stove of big stones over which to set a pot. The cave was so far under the cliff that the rain never drove into it. There was no furniture, only the deep soft bed of leaves at the far end, with his mother's skirt spread over it, a few plates and bowls on a ledge of rock and a parcel containing a long sleeveless coat of faded blue broadcloth trimmed with tarnished gold. This his mother had worn on Sundays and market days.

Before his mother died she had entrusted Danilo with a great secret: She gave to him the forty dinars which his father had left with her when he went away and which she had made great sacrifices not to break into. She told Danilo that he must do the same until he could go to school and learn a trade. The money must be kept for that and he must let no one know that he had it, not even Peter and Milosh. Herding sheep was not enough for a great healthy boy. It was all very well for summer but when autumn came he must go down to Podgoritza and try to get into school.

The knowledge of this wealth kept Danilo brave through many a lonely hour. He tied it in a piece of cloth and sewed it into his pocket with a bit of string. Often he would slide his hand into his pocket and touch the little wad, feeling that it brought him close to his mother. Danilo had not meant to let the summer drift by, but when he applied for a place in the school at Podgoritza he found that there was a waiting list of more than

a hundred and but little chance for him that year. So twice a week he with Peter and Milosh went to town, borrowed books from boys who had them and copied from them into blank books the lessons for the following days. Then they studied in the fields among the rocks, reciting to each other while the sheep browsed about them. The three were good friends and herded sheep and goats together above the river banks.

During the noon heat the boys sought the shadow of the cliff and while the sheep stood pressing their bodies into the hollows of the rock the boys stripped and plunged into the green pools of the river. Near the bathing pool there still stood the piers of a Roman bridge and above them at the opposite shore were the remains of a half buried Roman town. This was their favorite playground. Here, it was told, an emperor had lived nearly two thousand years ago. Latin inscriptions on the great white stones lying in the sweet-scented grass recorded the gift of a golden statue on horseback to the city; and the thin bronze coins, the gems and bits of tile found in the earth showed that the place had been prosperous and beautiful in Diocletian's time. Now wild roses covered the carved capitals, Diana's temple was no more than a grass-grown mound, and bright lizards darted over the broken figure of the goddess. The boys never tired of digging

for treasure and scouring the fields for the old road which must have led out from the town and across the bridge.

But now the summer had slipped away, the autumn rains had come and Peter and Milosh had followed the sheep to new pastures. But suddenly the fever had come upon Danilo so that he could neither follow the

sheep nor make another trial at the Podgoritza school. Jokitza, his own sheep, was his sole companion. When evening came he would milk her and with the milk and a piece of bread would make his supper before curling up on the bed wrapped in his mother's skirt. Close to him in the smoky darkness Jokitza would crouch chewing her cud.

But today, before the sun had set, there was a rustle in the hazel bushes and Peter and Milosh appeared. Danilo had not seen them for many days. They were full of importance, for Peter, it seemed, had had a bad toothache and had at last ventured to the Red Cross Dispensary, Milosh accompanying him to give courage. The result was that the boys had come away each with a tooth

*THE World War left many children of Montenegro even worse off than Danilo; so some of the thousands of dollars raised by members of the American Junior Red Cross were used to help these innocent victims of the horrors of war. After the fever left him, Danilo, who was a real Montenegrin boy, went to the home trade school for two hundred orphan boys which American Juniors helped to start near Podgoritza.*





*Danilo, Peter and Milosh studied in the fields while the sheep browsed about them*

filled. They opened their jaws like young crocodiles and invited Danilo to inspect the wonder. Yes, they actually had filled teeth! Had it hurt? Not much, and if it had, the experience was worth it. There was the grand chair that could be jacked up or lowered, the buzzing machine, the spirit lamp and the brightly jingling instruments. Danilo felt that life had passed him by! "They certainly are classy," he murmured generously. But his head dropped into his arm. Peter and Milosh helped him into the cave and made a fire between the flat stones. Then as there was nothing to cook they drove in Jokitza and milked her. Danilo was thirsty and took a long drink, but he would eat nothing.

Peter squatted on his heels full of sympathy. "You ought to go to the Americans," he said. "They can cure fever. They can cure anything."

"I'd never get to town," said Danilo feebly.

How it all happened after that Danilo hardly knew except that Peter had begun it. Danilo had refused to leave the cave without his mother's coat and Jokitza. He had a confused memory of moving marvelously over the road with the coat as his pillow. Then he found himself seated in a pleasant courtyard, with a cool pair of shears passing over his hot head and his black locks falling in dusky patches onto the sheet pinned around him. Another boy sat near him undergoing similar treatment, which was reassuring. They exchanged confidences breathlessly in Serb. Neither had ever had a warm bath and they were apprehensive. But they were good sports and so they dropped their rags bravely and stepped into the tubs. When Danilo got out he cast a startled glance at the nightshirt handed him and looked for his clothes. They were gone. "My clothes," he stammered, "Where are they?"

"You will have new ones when you get up," said the blue-eyed nurse. "You won't need the old ones."

"They burn them," whispered the other boy. "I heard it said."

Terror stricken, Danilo grabbed at the nurse's uniform. "No, no," he cried, "they must not burn them! Save them! My pants; look in the pocket."

"Don't worry," said the nurse soothingly, "we will find them." She was already at the door, but Danilo leaned against the wall faint with dread. "Oh Kuku meni! Kuku meni" ("poor me"), he murmured, beads of perspiration standing on his forehead. A knock, and four dirty bits of paper were handed in, the sum of Danilo's wealth.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the nurse, giving the nearly worthless paper to Danilo.

"When I get well," said Danilo, his chest heaving with relief, "I'm going to learn to be a man. I'm going to earn my living."

"Let me take care of the money for you," said the nurse. "You can come and get it when you need it, but the school to which you will go when you get well is already paid for by the American children. You can learn a trade there. You can even learn to be a man!"

Danilo lay in a real bed. He pulled one of the sheets over his face, fearing that he would cry for joy. Then without knowing it he dropped to sleep and dreamed of the cave. It was cool and quiet and the song of the river murmured through it.

Across the opening passed the figure of the golden warrior on horseback riding down to the Roman bridge. In his dream Danilo sprang to his feet and rushed fearlessly after him, following something good and great, he hardly knew what, and all the American children were running with him.

*Santa Claus: But don't you want anything for yourself?*



## The Three Christmas Wishes

(Continued from page 63)

longer. But I never would be able to afford a pair of skis for the boy. Look here, Santa Claus, give him a pair of skis! I will try to make a new doll for Kajsa myself, and I may be able to save some pennies to buy a head for it. But, Santa Claus, let me wish for a pair of skis for Erik! That will be such a joy that I will have a happier Christmas than I have had for many a year.

SANTA CLAUS: Well, so be it then.

MOTHER BRITA (*making a courtesy*): Thank you, thank you! What good fortune I have had! Now I must go on with my basket. Thank you,

Santa Claus, and good-bye. A happy Christmas, if I may say that to Father Christmas himself. (*Exit.*)

SANTA CLAUS: Good-bye, good-bye.

LUCIA (*coming out from her hiding-place*): Well, who was right?

SANTA CLAUS (*crossly*): Everybody knows that mothers never change. They spoil their children now just as much as they did seven hundred years ago. Why couldn't the woman wish for a skirt? No, they always think about their children. It is the children who are selfish.

LUCIA: Here come two children. Now let us see! (*She hides again.*)

(ERIK and KAJSA enter)

ERIK: There are no good Christmas trees here. Let us go further, Kajsa!

KAJSA: But I am tired. Erik, look at the man sitting on that stone!

ERIK: What is the matter with him?

KAJSA: Don't you see, it is Santa Claus himself!

SANTA CLAUS: Good morning, children!

ERIK and KAJSA: Good morning!

ERIK: Are you Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS: I surely am.

KAJSA: Are you the real Santa Claus who gives us the Christmas gifts?

SANTA CLAUS: The real Santa Claus.

ERIK: What are you going to give me?

SANTA CLAUS: I cannot tell you that in advance.

KAJSA: Dear Santa Claus, please give me a doll, one with real hair and with eyes that can shut!

SANTA CLAUS: Haven't you a doll?

KAJSA: Yes, I have Maja Lena that Grandmother sewed for me, but she is made of cloth and not nearly so beautiful as the dolls in the shops.

ERIK: And I want a pair of skis so badly. But they must be really good skis, with two sticks. And then I want a mouth-organ and a watch and a cap and a toy pistol and a radio.

SANTA CLAUS: That is quite a lot!

KAJSA: And I want a doll's stove and a muff and a new schoolbag and a string of beads.

SANTA CLAUS: Well, is there nobody else at home who wants anything?

SANTA CLAUS: Hide yourself, Lucia, I see somebody coming.

MOTHER BRITA (*carrying two baskets*): I ought to have met Erik and Kajsa by now. (*Puts down the baskets.*) Oh, these are heavy!

SANTA CLAUS: How do you do?

MOTHER BRITA: How do you do? I did not see anybody on the stone. Have you by chance seen a boy with yellow hair and a girl with a green hat?

SANTA CLAUS: No, I have not. You have a heavy load.

MOTHER BRITA: Oh, that is easy for me to carry; it is to be Christmas dinner for the children.

SANTA CLAUS: Yes, we all have to celebrate Christmas.

MOTHER BRITA: Oh, I don't think men have such a lot to do for Christmas. They generally just get in the way! (*Looks closer at him.*) But what do I see? (*Makes a courtesy.*) It is Santa Claus himself!

SANTA CLAUS: Well, since you have happened to meet me like this on the day of Saint Lucia, you may make a wish.

MOTHER BRITA: Thank you ever so much. But what shall I wish? Erik needs a new pair of boots, but his father has promised to buy them and send them for Christmas. He is working in the north, and he will not come home till spring, but he is very kind and thoughtful. I don't think he needs anything either except a warm scarf which I have knitted. Kajsa needs a sweater that I am making for her now. It will be finished by Christmas if I sit up late evenings.

SANTA CLAUS: But don't you want anything for yourself?

MOTHER BRITA: Well, of course I would like a new skirt because my old one is rather worn-out.

SANTA CLAUS: Then you ought to wish for a new skirt for Christmas.

MOTHER BRITA: No, dear Santa Claus, stop a little! I must think about it first. I know how much Erik wants a pair of skis, and Kajsa is just as eager for a doll. Which shall I choose?

SANTA CLAUS: Take the skirt!

MOTHER BRITA: Oh no, the old one will last a little

KAJSA: Oh, mother said something about needing a new skirt.

SANTA CLAUS: Well, since you have happened to meet me on the day of Saint Lucia you may wish for one Christmas present each. But only one!

ERIK: Then I wish for the skis!

KAJSA: And I want the doll. How lovely, thank you ever so much, dear Santa Claus!

SANTA CLAUS: You must not thank me yet!

ERIK: Well, good-bye, Santa Claus! Don't forget that I want two sticks with my skis.

KAJSA: And don't forget that my doll must be able to shut her eyes! Good-bye, dear Santa Claus!

LUCIA (*behind the tree*): Your mother's skirt is worn-out, Kajsa!

KAJSA (*stops*): Did you hear, Erik?

ERIK: No, what is the matter?

KAJSA: I heard somebody saying that mother's skirt was worn-out.

ERIK: That is only your imagination, let's go!

KAJSA: But, Erik, think what a nice surprise for mother if she got a skirt! May we not ask for three things, dear Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS: No, only two.

KAJSA: Can't you stop wishing for those skis, Erik! Fancy how happy mother would be to get a skirt!

ERIK: That is just like you to tell me to give up the skis! Can't you give up your stupid old doll?

KAJSA: But I have been longing so terribly for her!

ERIK: And I, don't you think I have been wishing for skis for ever so long? Don't be so silly! (*Pulls her away.*)

KAJSA (*follows him reluctantly*): Perhaps mother can mend and iron her old skirt so that it will look like new. She is very clever at such things. (*They go.*)

SANTA CLAUS: There you see, Lucia. Who was right?

LUCIA (*advancing*): I feel that it is not finished yet. Look, what did I tell you? There is the girl coming back. (*Hides.*)

KAJSA (*enters, calling back to ERIK*): Wait, Erik, I forgot something! (*Hurriedly*) Dear Santa Claus, may I change my wish? Give a skirt to Mummy, I don't want the doll, really.

SANTA CLAUS: But you wanted one so badly a minute ago.

KAJSA: Yes, but I don't want her any more. Perhaps she would be conceited, because Maja Lena has only a cloth face, and then Maja Lena would be unhappy, and I don't want that.

SANTA CLAUS: But you wished for heaps of other things.

KAJSA (*anxiously*):

No, dear Santa Claus, give mother the skirt. I want her to get it. I don't want anything else. Please, Santa Claus, write with big letters on the parcel: "To mother from Kajsa." Will you do that?

SANTA CLAUS: Yes, I will do that.

ERIK (*calls*): Kajsa, why don't you come?

KAJSA (*calls back*): I am coming. Thank you ever so much, Santa Claus! Don't forget to write that message! Oh, what a happy Christmas we will have! (*Runs out and meets ERIK coming back.*)

ERIK: What are you doing here?

KAJSA: Oh, that is a secret, come, let's go.

ERIK: You go ahead and look at the small fir over there by the fence! I think one of those would do nicely. You choose and tell me which of them you like best, while I take some twigs here for kindling.

KAJSA: Don't be too long, Erik. (*Exit.*)

ERIK (*to SANTA CLAUS*): What did Kajsa want?

SANTA CLAUS: She wanted to change her wish.

ERIK: Did you allow her to?

SANTA CLAUS: Yes.

ERIK: She does not want a doll any more?

SANTA CLAUS: No.

ERIK: I suppose she wished for something equally stupid, a doll's stove or a necklace or some other rubbish?

SANTA CLAUS: Perhaps you have changed your mind too and want a toy pistol or a mouth-organ?

ERIK: Oh, I am not so stupid. I have thought how nice it would be to give Mummy a really topping Christmas present. Will you put "From Erik to mother" on the parcel, if I change the skis for a skirt?

SANTA CLAUS: You are too late, Erik, Kajsa has already wished the same thing.

ERIK (*disappointed*): That is just like her! She is always having secrets behind my back!

SANTA CLAUS: You ought to be glad to keep your skis.

ERIK: Oh, I can always get skis somehow. I am ten years old and I can begin to earn some money during the vacation running errands for the shop or making things to sell.

SANTA CLAUS: You are very clever.

ERIK: But as it is now it is only Kajsa who has a nice surprise for mother's Christmas and I have none.

SANTA CLAUS: That is too bad but it cannot be helped now.

ERIK: I know! I will surprise Kajsa! I will wish for the doll instead of the skis. Then you can write on the parcel "From Erik to Kajsa"!

SANTA CLAUS: Yes, I can if you like.

ERIK: And it must be a topping doll, one with eyes that can shut and curly hair and everything.

SANTA CLAUS: I will see to that.



Can't we dance through the woods, you and I?  
It is Christmas again, it is Christmas again!



ERIK: I would like to know how they make them. Knut at school has a sister who had a doll like that and he took it to pieces because he thought he might make a radio with the things in it, but he couldn't, and his sister cried, because he had promised her to make the radio. But of course I won't do that with Kajsa's doll. Not until it is quite old and worn-out, anyhow.

SANTA CLAUS: I hope not!

ERIK: Thank you ever so much, Santa Claus! It is awfully decent of you to let me do this! It will be great fun to see Kajsa's face when she opens the parcel. She thinks of course that she is the only one who has a surprise!— (*Goes, but returns.*) Don't forget to put "From Erik" on the parcel!

SANTA CLAUS: Oh, no, certainly not.

ERIK: Well, good-bye, then! (*Runs out.*)

LUCIA (*advances, laughing*): Well, who has won?

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): Yes, dear Lucia, this time you were right. The children nowadays aren't such a bad lot! It really makes me feel young again. I shall be so happy to be able to go with the three parcels to Mother Brita's cottage.

LUCIA: Now you see what a wonderful work your's is!

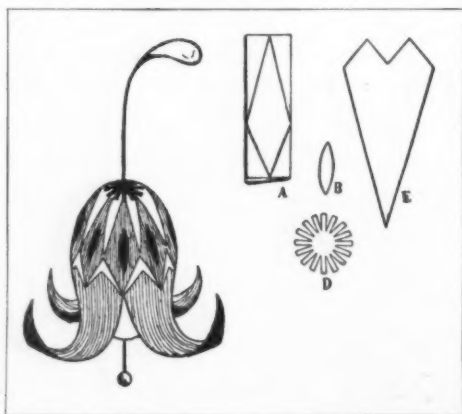
SANTA CLAUS: Come, little Lucia, let's go and fetch the crystal heart! I feel like dancing. Can't we dance through the woods, you and I? How is it people sing? (*Begins to sing an old Swedish Christmas carol, "It is Christmas again, it is Christmas again . . ."*)

(*They dance out of the scene*)

## Home-made Tree Decorations

CHILDREN of Poland are enormously clever at making all sorts of delightful and inexpensive Christmas tree decorations out of colored paper. The Polish Junior Red Cross magazine gives these directions for making bell-flowers and paper chains for the tree:

Take an egg and pierce a hole on each side of it, making the openings as small as possible. If you blow hard into one of the holes the contents of the egg will flow out through the other. Then prepare the separate parts out of the many-colored

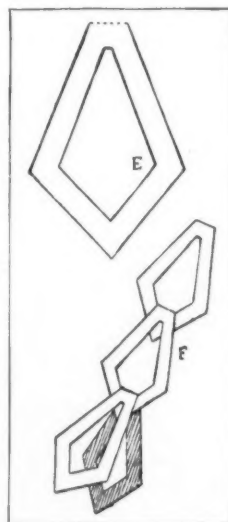


paper. Fold into 8 equal parts a strip of paper long enough to reach around the middle of the egg and as wide as the Fig. A is high. Then take off the corners by cutting along the diagonal lines as shown in Fig. A, taking care to leave enough on the folded sides to hold the strip together. After unfolding it, glue it carefully around the egg.

Small chips of paper of different colors (Fig. B) should be glued next upon it. To make the petals, paste two shades of paper together, then cut 4 triangles (Fig. E), and fix their upper parts to the egg, turning upwards their pointed ends with scissors. At the top, you should glue a little circle with indentations around it (Fig. D), and pass a cotton thread of bright color through it. At its end you fix a tiny stick, and when you push the stick through the hole it will take a horizontal position and enable you to have the egg hung on the tree. In the same way you may hang a bead at the bottom.

This little flower may be made in various colors according to your wish but if you want it to be like a wild bell-flower, use paper of green and lilac in different hues. You might also use a worn-out electric-light bulb for a foundation, instead of an egg.

It is very easy to make a pretty chain out of paper. Fold a piece of paper and draw the lines as in Fig. E, the dotted line representing the fold of the paper. Then cut along the lines and you have a link for the chain. The links should be joined as the Fig. F shows and only the last one should be glued together. The chain is pretty when it is made of various colors.







*Members of the Park School, La Porte, Indiana, on their way to the hospital, where they sang carols and presented the eight Christmas trees*

## Junior Christmas Doings

SUPPOSE you were coming with your parents to settle in a strange country. And suppose your steamer happened to dock on Christmas Day. You might feel all the more homesick and lonely at the thought of being in a new land on that of all days in the year. But if you entered the port of St. John, New Brunswick, that feeling would soon wear off; for there at the port would be a Christmas tree with a present on it for you.

Each Christmas the Juniors of St. John provide a tree with gifts for every one of the immigrant children entering then. The Canadian Red Cross has Port Nurseries at St. John, Halifax and Quebec. Here all the immigrant mothers and children are given a cheery welcome. The children are fed and cared for, the mothers have a cup of hot tea and the older children are provided with games, while the babies are bathed and put into clean little cribs. The Red Cross nurse and her assistants give care and advice to the mothers.

If any of the family needs medical or nursing care, word is sent on to the destination so that the family may be met at the station by a public health nurse. Last year nearly 30,000 women and children were received at the Port Nurseries. Juniors of Quebec, where many steamers dock in summer, provide toys and books for the Port Nursery and welcome each immigrant child with a box containing toys, wash cloths,

bibs, books and other things. Halifax Juniors help regularly at the pier on week-ends, looking after children, while the parents are busy attending to their baggage. The St. John Juniors also prepare gifts for the children coming in at Easter time.

Another nice thing Canadian Juniors did last year was to send 6,000 small boxes of the best Quebec maple sugar to the British Juniors, one for each of the members. The boxes were made to look like birch bark.

THE Ungraded Classes of the Atlanta Public Schools had a fine time mending and repairing broken and shopworn toys donated to the Atlanta Junior Red Cross by Sears-Roebuck. Maybe your own department stores would be glad to let you have such toys which you could make like new to pass on to others for Christmas.



*Juniors of Washington Grade School, in Kelso, Washington, and the gifts with which they played Santa Claus last Christmas*

THE Juniors of Nahant, Massachusetts, made puzzles and scrap books, dressed dolls and gave games for the children in the Lynn Hospital last Christmas. Every woman in the public ward of the hospital got a carnation with a card saying "Merry Christmas from the Junior Red Cross of Nahant." On their Christmas visits they wore from shoulder to waist bands with "Junior Red Cross of Nahant" on them.



*The Juniors of Prince School, Boston, bringing the gifts into the Red Cross office to be distributed to children in institutions*

**L**AST year at La Porte, Indiana, Juniors were busy from the first grade up through the Junior High School getting ready for Christmas. They made a toy store, decorations for rooms and halls, and gifts for parents and for poor children. They packed a box for crippled children at Riley Hospital in Indianapolis, made window decorations for the local hospital, sent Christmas greetings to children of other schools, and gave the play, "Tommy's Dream on Christmas Night." They contributed warm clothing such as sheepskin coats, underwear, gloves and other articles for poor families. For one family they paid for hair-cuts and provided tooth-brushes and tooth paste. One school bought and decorated a ten-foot Christmas tree and gave it to the African M. E. Church. They collected and repaired clothing and toys which the Red Cross gave to poor children. They sang carols at the hospital and gave away several Christmas trees. They sang Christmas carols at the Old Ladies' Home, and presented each one with a pretty plant, candy and cookies. The art classes in the Junior High School decorated 50 candy boxes. Cooking classes made 30 pounds of candy, and the pupils donated dozens of oranges and apples and cookies and raisins to fill them. The Junior Council packed the boxes and took them out to the County Infirmary, where they sang carols. The Council also collected 110 pieces of clothing for the Red Cross to give to those needing it.

**B**OYS in the elementary school shops of Greater New York made more than 3,000 wooden toys for Christmas gifts, and girls of the sewing and

cooking classes dressed more than 500 dolls and made 12 big cartons of candy. New York schools also filled more than 2,700 Christmas stockings with nice new things for the veterans at Hospital No. 81, Brooklyn Naval Hospital, Castle Point and Manhattan State hospitals and for individuals or groups in local hospitals. All this work was done in school hours. The New York Juniors were especially proud of their big toys, including four sets of skis for patients at Tupper Lake.

**T**HE six elementary schools enrolled in Junior Red Cross in Westfield, New Jersey, sent 400 Christmas cards to ex-service men in hospitals.

**S**ALEM, Massachusetts, Juniors made twelve book rests for the soldiers in the sanitarium at Rutland, Vermont, and sent four book rests and 220 Christmas place cards to the patients in the Essex Tuberculosis hospital. The boys of the Phillips School made 200 good toys for Christmas. Used toys were collected and passed on to children who would appreciate them, and groceries were collected for the Salvation Army dinners.

**L**AST fall for the third time Juniors of Kingman, Arizona, sent Christmas gifts for the children of Philip Stein in Manila. These children and their mother are in the Philippines, while their father, a war veteran, is trying to get well of tuberculosis in a sanitarium in San Francisco.

**N**EARLY two weeks before the holidays gifts began piling into the Junior Red Cross central office in Boston. There were some 3,000 in all—dolls, toys, books and other things. Some were given to the Social Service workers to be distributed to families, but most went to children in institutions. From the sixty kindergartens in the city came 365 boxes, each containing from five to twenty-five individual gifts, most of them the handwork of the children who had filled them. Every class in the five schools in the Hancock District made gifts for sick or lonely children. Just before Christmas there was an exhibit of the completed gifts, and the givers marched through by classes to see them.

Besides, the schools carried on many local projects, such as distributing Christmas baskets, sending trimmings for the Dispensary trees and sending presents direct instead of through the central office. One hundred and twenty-one pounds of candy was given to the Social Service workers or sent to institutions.

**I**T took four persons a day to pack all the gifts sent in last Christmas by Juniors of Seattle, Washington, for ex-service men in hospitals. All of the work was done after school hours. A box

company donated 525 brown paper boxes. Both high and grade school pupils helped to decorate these and make others. The boxes were filled with candies, nuts and raisins for the Veterans' Hospital at American Lake and the Naval Hospital at Bremerton, Washington.

A book store at the State University gave 500 paper napkins. Place cards, book marks, desk blotters, joke books, writing boards, and jams, jellies and marmalade were prepared and one school made large red poinsettias for the boxes. A drayage company donated its trucks to transfer the boxes from Junior headquarters to the Navy Yard boat. Besides the gifts for the government hospitals, stocking kittens and stocking dolls were made for the Seattle Day Nursery.

CHILDREN of the school at Upper Red Rock, New York, sent cards and calendar-blotters to the Newport, Rhode Island, Hospital. Just before Christmas they gave a playlet, showing the children and costumes of ten different lands and how they spend their Christmas. Later they gave the play to the local Grange.

WHEN Kris Kringle's bells could be heard in the distance, children in the Episcopal Church Home, across the road from the U. S. Marine Hospital, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, thought they would like to help cheer the ex-service men whom they had watched with sympathy for months. After weeks of practice, arrangements were made to have the children sing the Christmas carols in the hospital wards.

Meantime, the patients, learning what was afoot, planned to have Santa Claus greet the young visitors. One of the patients, who had been in the hospital for almost a year and was compelled to be flat on his back, was chosen to take the part. His buddy, who occupied the next bed, thought of making a sleigh for Santa out of the patient's bed. The picture shows what was accomplished.

NINETEEN public schools of Brooklyn joined in filling 747 Christmas stockings for patients in the Naval Hospital there. Four grade schools and four high schools furnished



"Santa Claus" had to lie flat on his back, so they rigged up a sleigh to cover his bed

Christmas trees for the wards, and the school for crippled children gave two large red wreaths for the Recreation Room. Two Manhattan schools, No. 64 and No. 120, sent checkerboards and smoking materials. The Scarborough School, of Scarborough, N. Y., sent 12 pillows and pencil trays for the Recreation Room, and also gave some magazine subscriptions for the men. The Westchester County Juniors made 700 covers for the Christmas dinner menus.

CHICAGO Juniors sent hand-colored Christmas cards to disabled ex-service men at the Speedway, Great Lakes, Oak Forest, Chicago Fresh Air, North Chicago Veterans' and other hospitals, and for the Municipal Tuberculosis and Winfield sanitariums. The girls of the McKinley, Bowen and other high schools, made gay wardrobes for the dolls for the soldiers to pass on to their own little girls.

MORE than a thousand Christmas greeting cards were made last year by Juniors of Modesto, California, for men in five government hospitals. The pupils of the Sixth Grade made the linoleum cuts and the boys in the print shop did the printing.

LAST Christmas Juniors of Upsala, Sweden, sent their correspondents in Vienna a doll dressed in the beautiful peasant costume of Leksand in Dalecarlia, the home of the great Swedish writer, Selma Lagerloef.

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M. Praetorius

Decoration by Marie Abrams Lawson





## Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Chorus for Mixed Voices

English version by  
Dr. M. Baker

M. Praetorius, A. D. 1609

Not to be sung in choral-style,  
but with animation, like a song

**Piano**  
(for rehearsal only.)

*p dolce tranquillo.* *pp* *rit. e dim.*

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem -  
2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have -

*p dolce tranquillo.* *pp* *rit. e dim.*

— hath sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing As  
— in mind, With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The

*p* *pp*

men of old — have sung. It came, a flow'r et bright,  
Vir - gin Moth - er kind. To shew God's love a - right

*rit. e dim.* *mf*

A - mid the cold of win - ter, When half - spent was — the night.  
She bore to men a Sav - iour, When half - spent was — the night.

*f* *p* *pp* *rit. e dim.*



